

# LOS ANGELES

• FROM • THE • SIERRAS •  
• TO • THE • SEA •

UC-NRLF



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"La Risa de San Felipe"

Marion Holden Pope

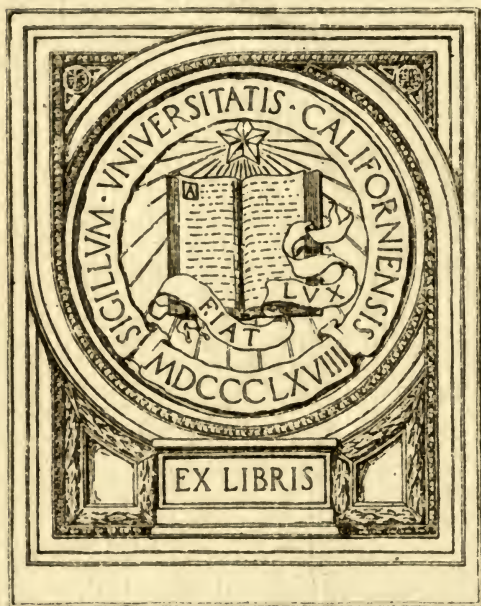
ETCHINGS AND DRAWINGS BY  
MARION HOLDEN POPE

POEMS BY  
CHARLES FARWELL EDSON

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# Los Angeles

From the Sierras to the Sea

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Etchings and Drawings by  
Marion Holden Pope

Poems by  
Charles Farwell Edson

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## Our Sierras

**P**risoned in icy kiss, the ocean mists  
Whiten Sierra's peaks of  
rugged stone

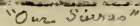
Then melt in joyous crying of the clouds  
And all the glory of the fiery sun.

Our human city with prophetic eye  
Looked to the good of men for years  
to come;

Gathered the crystal drops in reservoirs  
Then slipped them down through concrete  
and through steel.

The mighty mountains store for good of all  
What dewy clouds take from the willing deeps;  
Sweet air-filled drops, Almighty's distillate  
That swells the seeds, washes man's filth  
away

For thus the living water comes to bless  
Then turns again to breast of Mother Sea.



Mansion. Holden to her



## Cahuenga Pass

**T**his was the King's Highway where  
Dons of Spain

Caborted on their richly saddled steeds;  
Where creaking, rough carretas, oxen hauled  
Went slowly through the pass in calm  
content.

The pious Padres in their gray-cowled gowns  
Walked on this way with not a thought of  
self

Save that expressed in Mission good of all  
That soon went down before Man's  
selfishness.

The King's Highway the Padres gave to us  
And we, high priests unto a great ideal  
Made Queen's Highway by giving women  
rights

That had accrued through Man's fight to be  
free.

Thus each trail widens to a flowing road  
Where all Humanity can go in peace.

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"Cahuya Pass."

James Holden 1894



## In San Francisquito Canon

**O**ur bold dreamers with a torch of Hope  
Spotted an honest man in time of need,  
Asked him to build a mighty aqueduct  
And here it stands in perpetuity.

His Irish honesty burned in the breasts  
Of all who followed him in confidence  
And God's white coal will give to this fair  
town

Light, heat and power with the water flow.  
No greater monument was ever raised,  
Running from High Sierras to the Sea  
And future generations of our blood  
Will bless the men who made this city, Free!

=====

In this wild canon yellow grains of gold  
Were first found by a Californian.



## La Brea

**M**ore than a hundred thousand years ago  
Huge monsters roamed these thickly  
wooded hills;

Were caught in asphalt beds, held unto death  
And we can reconstruct their skeletons.

Another hundred thousand years some life

May reconstruct the bony frame of Man;

Will wonder how it lived and what it ate

For they will live and feed upon themselves.





## Southwest Museum

“Watch your Archeology alibe”

**Q**The founder of this mausoleum said  
And in the quiet of these plastered halls  
The bones of many pasts are kept on view.  
We build our sturdy palaces of stone  
To outlast all the buffetings of time  
But hardly have we boasted in our pride  
Before our dreams are scrap-heaped,  
useless piles.

Nothing endures but Life's evolving round  
Of growth, decay, to fertilize new growth  
And from the lush urge of our eagerness  
A larger humus rots to fecundate.



The "South West Museum"

Amos Holden 1876



## Municipal Golf Links

**M**en live like rats in modern offices,  
Burrowing all around the cheese of  
trade;

Slavers and Slaves to ugly God of  
Greed

Who play at golf to ease their frenzied  
minds

Then lift their eyes to life-renewing hills  
For further strength to toil and grab again.



THE  
GOLFERS



## Buena Vista Street Bridge

**H**ere flows the river of Los Angeles;  
The railways run beneath the arching  
bridge;

Elysian Park, a rest cure for the soul  
Guards the wide gate that lets the tourists  
in.

The patient footman, soon forgotten horse,  
The auto trucks, the costly motor cars,  
Street cars, steam cars, aeroplanes pass by  
For so we go on land or in the clouds.

A sepia-toned photograph of a stone arch bridge spanning a river. The bridge features several large, dark arches. On the right bank, a tall, slender lighthouse stands prominently. A small boat is visible on the river in the foreground. The background is filled with dense foliage and trees. The image has a vintage, slightly grainy appearance.

*Monarda didyma* L.

## North End Broadway Tunnel

**A** Poor, old, lost adobe hugs the hill;  
All of the friends of youth have passed  
away;

The plaster has begun to leave the walls  
Above the common realty sign, For Sale.  
The shining cars speed fast beneath the hill  
Where Fremont flew the Bear Flag of  
this State

With Stars and Stripes of these United  
States

To tell to all the world our coast was Free.  
Yet custom, breeding, tie us to a wheel  
That is revolved by shaft of antique laws  
Run in the woof of temporizing codes  
And theologic creeds that know not Christ.  
The Past and Present! Will the Future  
dare

Cut through dense walls so that we learn  
The Truth!



THE CITY OF  
COLORADO



"North End Broadway Tunnel"

Marion Holden-Pope

## La Reina de Los Angeles, 1781

**T**he Forsters, del Valles and the Picos,  
Sepulbedas, Morenos, Coronels;  
The Lugos, the Serranos, Alberas  
Were called to mass by these old mission  
chimes.

The Plaza was alive with prancing steeds;  
Gay Senoritas smiled behind their fans  
In black mantillas brought from far-off  
Spain,

For Church and State held their Fiestas here.  
But now the jangling street car drowns the  
bells;

The Plaza circle swarms with Mexicans;  
The old church draws up closer to Fort Hill  
As though it feared this touch of modern life;  
And well it may for God is but a name  
Where minted metal rules the world of men.



"La Raza de Los Angeles"

Marion Halden - 1901



## Main and Fourth Streets

**U**p and down the crowded streets they go,  
Hard rock men who built the Aqueduct;  
Muckers and concrete mixers, rough

and strong,

Well browned by dry Mojave's burning sun.

The Interurban cars block narrow Main  
And glaring picture shows and bold saloons  
Mullet lonely men in from the silences

Where circumstances make or break a man.

Salvation Army and the Volunteers

Sing raucous hymns to turn them toward  
the Christ;

God knows they need it in this moil of greed  
Where we quote men in terms of stocks and  
bonds.

Men and the Game! A snatch for die-stamped  
signs!

And all one gets is Food, some Clothes and  
Sleep!



"Farmers' Merchants Bank."

Marion Alden Pope.

## Central Square Fountain

**T**he haughty pigeons beg so daintily;  
They strut and coo just like us common  
folks;

The sunlight rainbows each round falling  
drop

Of water that is splashing in the pool.

And here men sit and argue while they sit;

Condemn the Government, the way of it;

Settle the great, complex affairs of State

To their content, such is Democracy.

The air of Freedom is so sweet and new

That all they sense is right to criticise.





Central Square, Guatemala.

Charles H. H. H. H.

## Oil Fields

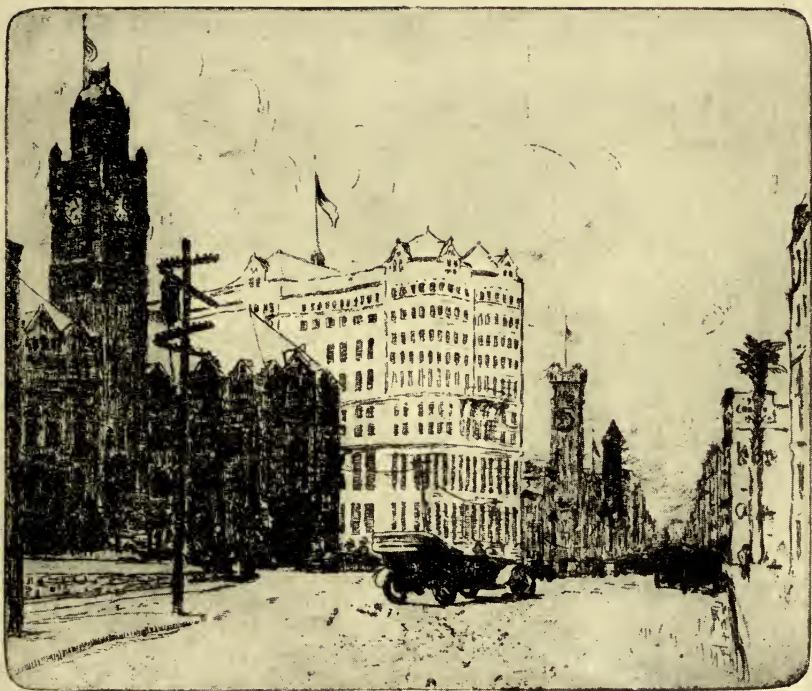
**T**he derricks stand, bald monuments  
to trade;  
Up through earth's crust we pump  
the hidden oil;  
Rush here and there with force it generates  
And wonder at the earthquakes in our wake.



## Down Broadway from Temple

**B**lindfolded Justice sits, a sombre thing  
In courts of men who quibble over Law!  
Here also are the records of our age  
In written books of transfers and of trades.  
Far down the street an outgrown City Hall  
Where our wise Solons talk efficiency.





# Down Spring from Fifth

They called it Primavera, those old  
Dons  
Whose language is rippling, tripping  
song  
But when the Gringos came they named it  
Spring,  
A closed and unresponsive substitute.  
This is the bankers street where men of  
might  
Build marble office piles to house their  
wealth;  
Make slaves of men with paper chains of  
bonds  
That run for tens of years, so they be safe;  
And yet this business world of ours has  
need  
Of all the printed forms that stand for gold;  
Bills of exchange, the daily checks of trade,  
The give and take through central clearing  
house;  
We play our parts, lenders and borrowers  
Until Almighty God strikes balances.



The Alexandria & Spring Street

Marion, H. & Co. N.Y.C.



## Central Square

**T**he happy trees wave in the sea sent  
wind  
Drawn from the up=draft of the heated  
plains;  
The weary people throng the cement seats  
To catch a breath of country in the town.





Central Square

Marion Halden Pope -

## Second Church of Christ, Scientist

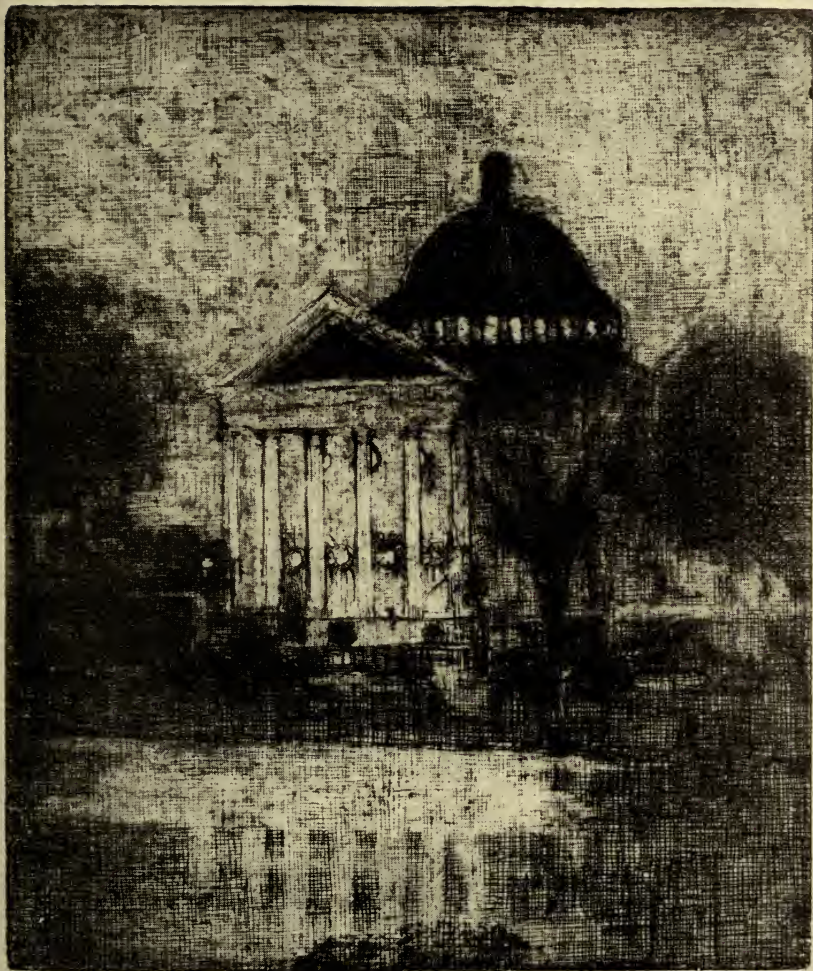
**T**he slow evolving progress of mankind  
Is marked by broken shackles, every-  
where

And now the Science of the things Christ  
taught

Is laid down for the use of those who care.  
Unselfish Christ who owned no foot of land!  
Loving the poor who had such need of it!  
Driving the money-changers with a scourge  
When they defiled the holy Temple steps.  
But this creed stands for Life's Duality;  
The He and She of nature's graciousness  
And giving Christ love with no thought of  
self

Will make a heaven of this coin-mad earth;  
His Law of Service fused in glow of Love  
Will let the light through sombre veils of  
creeds.





Sum. Count. Cont. - 1/2

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## The Temple of the Home

**I**n all the lands that front the mighty sea  
Stretching from stern Gibraltar to Suez  
You find old temples, ruined or in use  
To varied Gods, queer products of mens  
faiths.

But we, new worshippers at modern shrine  
Pray to that God who formed this scheme of  
things;

The clean creative urge that blends some two  
To reproduce, that their kind live again.  
With light of Love the altars are ablaze;  
The acolytes of Joy swing incense rare;  
The good High Priests of Knowledge chant  
a mass

Caught from the Angel Choirs of Poesy;  
The temple bells are happy childrens songs;  
The holy records, imprint of our souls.





## Up Broadway from Seventh

**T**his is the woman's street and day by  
day

They throng the walks in gingham  
and in silks;

Dainty and debonair, lonely and rich

They ride in limousines or walk on foot;

Poor weary mothers dragging worn-out  
boys;

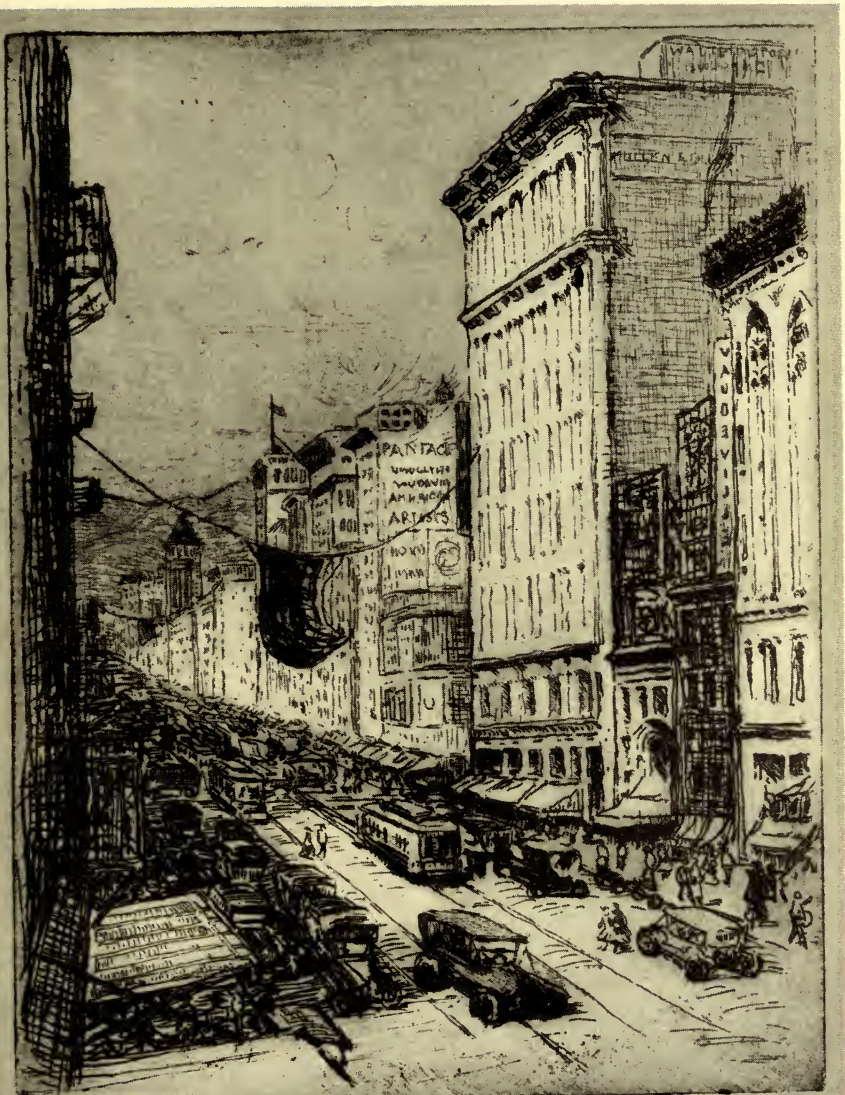
A flock of school girls down from L. A.

High

While far beyond in clear-cut afterglow

The peaceful mountains marvel at our haste.

# VIEW OF CALIFORNIA



"Up Broadway from South,"

Marion. Holden. Topeka.



## Railroad Tracks

**T**he modern steel Trails come at last to  
camp

Here by the sandy, washed out river  
bed;

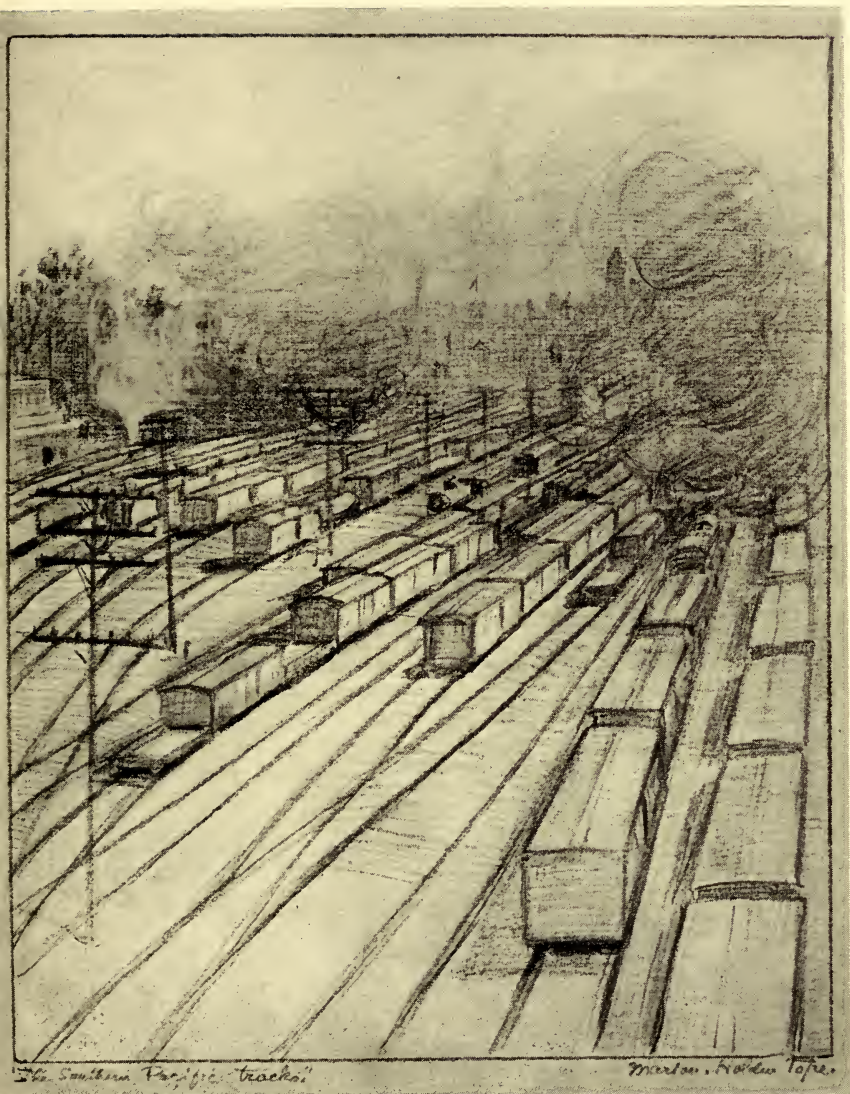
Linking us all to each far land of earth  
With chains of Finance, Commerce and of  
Trade.

And in this greater Brotherhood of Man  
Will grow a New Earth, born to Human  
Needs;

Not bound by steel but ministered for Him  
Who taught the Wondrous glory of The  
Love!



THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC  
RAILROAD  
SYSTEM



"The Southern Pacific tracks"

Marion. Holden Tope.

## Sycamore Grove

**U**nder the live oaks shade the mockers  
nest;  
The sprawly sycamores lift from the  
wash;  
The city din is lost in nature's calm;  
The wildwood bids the nervous people wait.



"Sycamore Grove."

Martin. H. & Co. -



## Elysian Park

**Y**ou climb the rain-washed sandstone on  
a knoll  
Past spidery gumtrees swaying on  
thin stems,  
Beyond the grey-green spruces in a cleft  
Of hills. Far off the hazy mountains stand  
Serene and calm in waning light of day;  
The scented wind from out the fragrant pines  
Caresses each tired cheek with touch of balm.  
The little dirbs (wee minstrels of the sky),  
Sing jocund songs of all earth's good to  
man.  
Soft-footed night steals up the still ravines,  
Leaves you alone, at rest, in peace, with  
God.



THE  
GREAT  
OCEAN



The Great Ocean, Victoria, Australia

## Universal City

**P**ast of a thousand years, built yesterday!  
Shell of a dream, reborn at mere  
caprice!

A mushroom growth from spawn of vagaries  
Thrown to the winds by poet alchemists.  
The movie stars shine in this firmament  
Fixed for a fleeting time upon Life's screen;  
Silent as yet, but soon Art's witchery  
Will catch their voices for posterity.  
All far-off lands are brought before your  
gaze;

Hobos and Kings upon equality  
And each quaint phase of God-made earth is  
here

Seen through a film, not darkly, but alight;  
The World a Stage! Humanity the Play!  
And no drop curtain falls until Life dies.

1897  
JANUARY



Universal City

Thomas Holden & Son



## Inner Harbor; San Pedro

**T**hey sucked the age-deep silt through  
tubes of iron  
And made new land to hold the  
warehouses

Built by a strong municipality  
To save for all the unearned increment.  
The cargo boats and steamers of the lines  
Ply up and down from far Alaska's cold  
To torrid Panama's tremendous gash  
And each pays some small tribute to this  
port.

So good Saint Peter saves the souls of men  
With yellow gold, our standard of this life.





James Hartley, San Francisco

Marion Holden, Boston

# The Keeper of the Light

**I** See strange sights from out my steel-  
ribbed shaft;  
The fishing boats by hundreds seek the  
deep;

The white-winged pleasure yachts flit on the  
bay;

The moving picture sailors plough the main  
With land-legs that are fearful of the sea;  
The stately boats that carry passengers;  
The lumber schooners down from Oregon;  
The mighty liners up from isthmus way;  
The sugar boats from Honolulu's shore;  
The warships with our flowing Stars and  
Stripes.

But more than this I see the bay alive  
With boats on boats in cargo to all lands;  
A greater fleet built in this good southwest  
Where men and women are forever free.  
The ocean waves broke high above my light  
Driven by southeast wind in misty blasts  
But in the haze that covers distant plains  
A finer people grows than earth has seen.

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'The Harbor'







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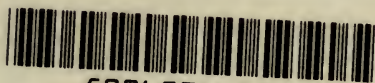
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